

# **Burnin' For You**

*IT One shots - II*

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## Burnin' For You by jeongshook

**Series:** [IT One shots \[2\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** M/M, One Shot, Reddie, preppy!eddie, punk!richie, shh let them be high schoolers thank u, this takes place in like 1994 when theyre high schoolers, v v brief mention of the others

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**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

Where Richie pathetically attempts to get Eddie to wear his jacket without actually saying 'pls wear my jacket u would look so cute'.

## Burnin' For You

As the months and then the years pass on after the summer of 1989, Richie somehow finds himself in the music scene of the eighties and early nineties. He listens to the radio stations that play rough, raw songs from his favorite local bands all day, even obtaining an electric guitar somehow on which he strums *Don't you (forget about me)* by Simple Minds when he's alone at home and wants a getaway. He thinks the lyrics he listens to speak to him, and maybe they really do. They help him clear his head and gather his thoughts when he feels like falling apart. He records the best songs he hears and makes mixtapes of them just so he can play them again and again, eventually learning all the words while he struggles to copy the chord progressions on his shitty guitar. He wears torn jeans that are too short at his ankles and plain shirts he tucks into them. His hair is getting longer and longer, unruly curls framing his face more and more before he decides to get it cut again – the hair is unstoppable, the speed it's growing at. He has it short in the summer because he doesn't aspire to spontaneously light on fire, but now that it's September and it's getting colder and colder he doesn't have it chopped off quite as regularly.

Eddie can't pinpoint when it happened, but he does notice that Richie has been really into music and radio lately. He finds it extremely cool – it suits Richie and with the way he looks now, like he could have his own punk band it just somehow all fits together. Eddie doesn't know when Richie became so cool and he doesn't know why he's friends with him still, plain old Eddie with his clean-cut appearance, hypochondriac Eddie Kaspbrak with his button ups and suspenders. He imagines how weird they must look next to each other, total opposites. But Richie's been his best friend his whole entire life; he doesn't give two shits about other people's opinions. Richie has this jacket that he really likes; it's a denim jacket that he's sewn all kinds of things onto himself – he's proud of his handiwork. It's warm, it looks very alt-rock and it's patched up with all of his favorite band's logos, plus it looks really good on him so what's not to like? Eddie says he should take that thing off sometimes but Richie has grown quite attached to it.

Eddie hopes he washes it because he sure does wear it a lot.

"Thanks Eds, you wanna try it on?" Richie asks the first time Eddie compliments his jacket. The smaller boy insists he's fine so Richie stays put, except now he can't get that image out of his head – because honestly, Eddie would look so cute in something that clashes with his style so much.

He continues sewing stuff like studs and patches onto the fabric until it looks well-worn and much like the ones he's seen Joe Elliot from Def Leppard wear. Several opportunities present themselves where he could give it to Eddie, except Eddie Kaspbrak is always prepared for the worst and normally has his own with him - even in summer. What a loser.

\*

As Eddie steps out into the late September wind, raindrops start falling onto him right away, dampening his hair. It's not actually raining per se, but it is falling lightly, like water is being filtered through a strainer onto his head. He hates this kind of weather, but if you live in Derry you learn to get used to it.

"So cold," he mumbles to himself, looking for the warm sweater he wore this morning. "Shit, I left my sweater inside! Wait guys, I'm gonna go grab it."

There's a jacket being flung out in front of him, the denim one Richie always has on. "Wear this," he says and upon looking, Eddie realizes his friend is only wearing a thin t-shirt.

"No way, you're going to get sick! Put it on, I'm going to get my sweater." He's already walking inside when Richie decides to put his jacket back on with a frown. So maybe he has pictured Eddie in his jacket before. So what if he wants to keep Eddie warm at all times. It's not like he actually gets to *do* it.

Eddie emerges from the school once again a minute later, now clad in a soft looking gray jumper. It makes him look even smaller than he

actually is and Richie wonders, not for the first time, how little Eddie would look like with his jacket on. It would be far too big on him, but Richie is sure he could pull it off. Eddie has grown over the years but is still considered small for his age - he's not all skin and bones, more of a soft, slim figure, but he never grew tall. He remained as delicate and graceful as he was and in Richie's eyes that's better than anything else.

It hurts to not be able to tell Eddie how much he cares for him and it hurts not to be able to hold him, or to kiss his cheeks or hold his hands. There is no use in lying to himself. But at the same time it's a blessing to have Eddie as his best friend because he is the most amazing friend anyone could wish for.

So he walks Eddie home in the rain as he normally does; it's in the opposite direction of his own house but the longer he doesn't have to go home the better. They're walking with Mike for about halfway but he has to take a left where they go right, so they say their goodbyes. Eddie is visibly shaking from the cold wind, trying to warm up his arms as he walks - Richie can't take that, it just won't do.

"Will you please put this on?" he asks, taking his jacket off again but Eddie just shakes his head.

"It's really cold now, I don't want you to get sick. We're almost home."

They round the corner to the house as he shrugs it back on again. He still can't get the picture of Eddie, pretty, delicate Eddie in his jacket out of his head. This is ridiculous.

They sit around in Eddie's room for a while, the smaller boy doing homework while Richie reads a book. *Jet city woman* by Queensrÿche is playing - one of Richie's favorite songs of all time - and he can't help but fidget all around with nerves. He's trying to gather the courage to say something, to do what he's wanted to do this whole week now, except Richie is a chickenshit when it comes to confessing.

For another hour he doesn't say anything, but then he's about to leave and it's almost too late again. Eddie walks him down to the

front door and Richie is already going except - there's something burning a hole into the inner pocket of his jacket and he wants to get rid of it. Just as Eddie is about to close the door, Richie turns back.

"Wait," he walks up to him again. "Um... I have something to give you."

"Yeah?" Eddie hums, unsuspecting.

Richie pulls the item out of his pocket and thrusts it into Eddie's hands. "Here. Just, um. Listen to it okay?"

And just like that he's gone; his long legs allow him to get out of view fairly quickly. Eddie looks down; it's a cassette that says *Mixtape for Eds* in Richie's familiar scratch.

He runs up the staircase so he can listen to it, and by the end of the cassette he's crying.

\*

Richie is standing at the stairs with Bill and Ben, waiting for the bell to ring and the others to arrive when Eddie spots him the next morning. He's in all denim today with his pants ripped at the knees, which Eddie knows is more a statement than anything else, his glasses are sliding down his nose – and he looks so good.

He doesn't notice Eddie until his friend is standing right next to him, tugging on his sleeve. "Can I talk to you?"

"Sure, Eds," he answers in surprise, following Eddie somewhat further away from their friends.

"What's up with those two?" Ben turns to Bill after the exchange, who just shakes his head.

"N-no-not a clue."

"I've got one," Stan chimes in. Ben shouts in surprise and almost falls down the stairs.

"When did you get here?" He wheezes, clutching his chest. If Richie were here he'd make a joke about Ben having something to hide, but he's over there talking to Eddie and they... both look weirdly emotional. It almost looks like they're fighting, with the way Eddie's eyes are shiny with tears. They can only see Richie's back now but even that looks slumped.

"I think Richie finally confessed."

"What?!" Bill and Ben exclaim at the same time, turning to their friend.

"What? He's been in love with Eddie for like two years." Stan deadpans. "Don't tell me you guys didn't know."

Bill is not sure you're supposed to give out someone's secret like that, except maybe it wasn't such a secret, now that he thinks about it. Maybe it does all make sense now, as he looks back to his friends and sees Eddie yanking Richie down for a kiss so quick you'd miss it if you blinked. And maybe it makes sense that they both look happier they've had in a long time that day, and the days after. Maybe it makes the most sense to see Eddie in Richie's beloved jacket all the time now, wearing it proudly on top of his light-colored button ups as if it was a statement. Maybe it is.

### **Author's Note:**

so this was for a prompt on tumblr (see prompt in summary) and i thought it turned out cute even though its not very much all about the attempts to get eds to wear his jacket but more about sappy feelings because im trash hhaha

anyways i hope you like it!

[this](#) is the actual mixtape richie gives eddie uwu  
hmu on [tumblr](#) for prime reddie content and request  
a fic if you'd like